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The S.O.B. of the

This is Stansfield Turner. He killed James Bond

Admiral Stansfield Turner may be the most powerful spy master in all of history. Not only has he been director of the Central Intelligence Agency for the past year, he now has control over the entire seven-billion-dollar budget of the United States' "intelligence" machine. Turner is suave and smug. His commanding manner comes from years of giving orders that were obeyed without question. So for Turner, it's not easy being subjected, as he is these days, to a barrage of criticism, much of it from his own agents.

"If you want happy spies, I'm not here for that," he is explaining to a large group of reporters quizzing him over a hotel breakfast a few blocks from the White House. "But if you want effective spies, I can provide them. I've made a profession of leading men and women. I'm good at it. [By this time he is banging on the big oval table.] And I'll continue to be good at it."

Admiral Stansfield Turner—Amherst College, Annapolis Naval College, Rhodes scholar, U.S. Navy—likes to think of himself as Socrates; a critical, questioning gadfly. He is more of a Captain Bligh; brilliant with a brutal streak. He has a barrel chest and a red, seafaring face. Silver sideburns and a rugged profile. And an abrasive style and a cannonball diplomacy that have made him notorious since President Jimmy Carter brought him into the CIA directorship a year ago this month.

It is a cold winter morning. Breakfast doesn't please the admiral. It's not the food, it's the indignity—the prospect of being quizzed. He has turned out to eat with the press only because it's the best tactic for a bad time. His public image is appalling, but his prospects are enormous. He is out to change the course, the direction, the aims, of U.S. espionage. It's a substantial objective. And he might well achieve it.

He was Carter's second choice for the CIA job—the first was liberal lawyer and onetime Kennedy aide Theodore Sorensen, but the Senate wouldn't have him. Turner seemed more respectable. Yet despite a distinguished naval career, he was something of an unknown quantity. And that's the way, you might reason, it should have stayed. After all, spies don't normally seek a high profile. But this one is different.

The CIA was in a mess when he arrived. Three years of congressional probes and



Turner in portrait (left) and, with his aide, Commander Bernard McMahon, briefing Carter (below): there'll be some changes.

